THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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WHOLE NO. 1024.

Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Lines—Inscribed To L——

I love to linger 'mid the scenes
That charmed me in my youthful hours.
That bless'd, mysterious intervenes
And softens memory's melting flowers;
Yet they will scorn an Exile, when
Those scenes of glorm have passed away,
Or such familiar spots again
Shall be to me as strangers lay.

But where are they my earthly friends.
Their memories linger 'round me still.
The heart that 'mid misfortune bends
Will at the voice of hatred soon thrill.
Yes, they are gone, the darkling doom
Of destiny has swept the land.
Some sleep beneath a mouldering tomb
Others upon a distant strand.

I love to linger 'mid the bowers,
Entwined by friendship's fairy fingers
To pass away a few bright hours.
What her we love within them lingers
Health to the wanderer, cheer to a spell.
Is it that bells us I am there.
And yet I fain I must not feel
Belong—no more my memory's shrine.
Farewell. J. S. C.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Annette Sidney.

There was a second sister, who might vie
As regard from his brow, I cannot tell
The secret of her beauty. It is more
Than her might personified up, and the arch eye
Laughing with humour, or soft in love
Were nothing but a merry mask—'tis more
Than music, though her form on lake's road
Bloom by a low south wind. *N. P. Willis.*

CHAPTER I.

THE TROUSSEAU.

Joy. All the world's mirth is in thee!
And all the men and women merely players.

On the steps of the ——— Hotel, one bright morning in May, stood a group of gay young men. The weather for several days had been unusually stormy; and the ladies were now posting along seeking and attaining, at the proper points looking timidly up at the crowd of young men, and as quickly dropping their gaze and passing whisper-ing on.

"Johnson!" suddenly exclaimed a voice from the portico.

The person addressed hastily turned, paused a moment irresolutely, then finally extending his hand said, "Tremont—my dear fellow!—but when did you arrive?"

For a few moments the young men exchanged the warmest greetings. They had been school mates and had not met for years; but their dawning friendship soon led to the present, which after a few bright smiles, the first speaker said,

"But come, shall we lounge up the street?—and putting his arm into that of his friend, the two young men passed carelessly on with the crowd.

"How different you all seem to me. I have been so long away, I almost feel myself a stranger."

"You miss the morning promenades of London and the Court of Boulevard of Paris," said Tremont, we utilitarians have no time to play the morning gallant. But once evening, and even Capid has sufficient sway."

"Heavens! what a sylph!" ejaculated Tremont, without seeming to hear his friend; "her form would stifle a fairy in a cocoon!"

The lady alluded to had just left a shop ahead. The expression of her face, so exquisitely sweet and witching, had riveted Tremont, and as she passed up before them, her graceful step and full round form might have made a less sensitive man enthusiastic. Even his companions paused in her praise.

"Beautiful: what new angel can she be?"

"Hush," said Tremont. The lady was just entering another store. Chance, doubtless, directed her eyes down the street, and once more that witching look fascinated the young man.

"Oh! I remember—our wardrobe is only deficient. I want some heft gloves—let's in," and the two friends followed her.

In vain Tremont tried to catch her look again—she was too intent upon her purchases. In a few minutes they were completed, and she left the store.

"Stop, madam—here, Charles, run after that young lady, she has left her handkerchief," pulled the gruff voice of the fat, fatherly storekeeper, as he stepped from behind the counter: but no Charles was nigh.

"Permit me," bowed Tremont, and he took the prize from the hand of the fat man, and darted to overtake the lover, and hearing herself addressed she turned. The courtly young man for once was abashed. He stammered out, with a low bow,

"Pardon me, miss, but—your handkerchief." The maiden looked, their eyes met, and equally confused with blushes, she hastily muttered her thanks, hastily courtesied, and passed on. For a moment he stood gazing after her—that last, thrilling blush, shivering through every artery in his frame.

"Has she turned you to stone, Harry?" said the warm voice of Johnson. "really, Paris has improved your manners; your easy address would honor the Tuileries—you have the perfect nonchalance of a Royal Guard conqueror!"

"Pshaw! who can she be?"

"But, you say you wish to see society here," said Johnson, after a pause; "nothing is easier. I've the entree of all that's worth a visit and will introduce you; but, talking of society, I must take you to our Literary set."

"Indeed! who are they?"

"Oh! never mind; but what I call our Literary Society, consists of Mrs. Bo. disengaged that evening. It is composed of ladies and gentlemen, all curious for novelties, in literature, science or romance. I am, as Mrs. Jemima Reeve, says, 'often chief purveyor to their intellectuality.' You must think it a compliment, for I intend to exhibit you as a rare specimen—the twenty-first wonder of the world—the learned Tremont, who has shot twice near the North Pole, and been at the levees at the Chaos of Tartary. No remonstrance—put aside your hats to be lionized, and rose for once!"

Their spirits were now high. They joked, laughed, parodied, and smiled by turns. The tricks and plots of school, the glorious rows at college, the student's office, and the varied fire years which followed on those, and they adjourned to dinner, and Tremont's room.

Henry T. Tremont was a young man of fine talents and ample fortune. Possessed of a warm heart, and a capacity for present enjoyment, which made him enjoy as if naturally, into the feelings of his pure-g nonchalance, he had seen, no, become of equality, examined in all its phases. He had moved in the magnificent courts of Europe, and gazed upon the merry pageantry as they danced by the Loire. He had seen the Greek amid his ruins, and the Cossack as he swept over the Ukraine. From all these he had returned with sufficient knowledge of the human character, and his sojourn at London had made him, in the language of tne, a polished gentleman. Perhaps he affected too much of the elegante, but if he did, it was only to counteract the easier endurances to society. He was a philosopher, and he was a man of the world.

"And where is your nymph—still invisible?" impudently said Johnson, as he and his friend before the Hall of Independence; "come, this is the very grove for the deities of the forest—have you watched 'till the stars are up?"

Tremont smiled, launched a repartee in reply, and they sauntered on.

Despite the society he mingled in since his arrival, and the many fair faces that smiled on the elegant young stranger, he had thought only of one. To many it might seem unaccountable. But Tremont was not the victim of your sometimes fashionable beauty. He longed for something more than mere ten and affectation. Although in the whirl of dissipation, he was not reckless. His mind was cast in a loftier mould, and he thirsted for communion with some better spirit. And that beautiful form—that witching look—that sylph-like light auburn hair, and the flush stealing over it—it seemed, in its expression, the very incarnation of truth and candor.

He thought more of it than he admitted to himself. It went to his heart, for despite his fashion he had still a heart. The ton of the world might be crusted over it, but the warm tide still flowed below.

A word opened by. He looked every where for that face, but in vain. It seemed as if he had only seen it—to lose it forever.

CHAPTER II.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

"Most learned Theban!—Lear.

Mrs. Jemima Reeve was the very essence of vulgarism, but she was the wife of a *millionaire*, whose fortune had been made by speculating in corn. She had though ignorant and pretending, was the oracle of her set. Her parties were no exact representations of our society. From the sprinkling with which fortune sometimes made and left a party in a commercial city in a motley thing—a little world, where bad and indifferent, the ignorant and the learned, the titled and untitled met in the same noisy crowd. Such was the company which usually met at Mrs. Jemima Reeves, but this evening, it possessed another characteristic. Literature was the fashion, and it had become fashionable, to the utter destruction of balls, and the manifest terror of concerts; and Mrs. Jemima Reeve, ever desirous of being leading, had introduced a sort of Literary Society, through which their superabundant intellect, like steam, might have vent. Her own literary leading, as the residence of one of the members alternately. They read; they conversed on science and the belles lettres, and occasionally on anatomy, in short, on every thing. They heard lectures from ambitious volunteers, and sometimes ended with a song. Besides, the members, as was natural, were mostly young people, and many of them were fair. Such was the society. They met merely to cultivate the sciences. No one could insinuate any other motive; but, once unconsciously, amid the gayety of the evening, were absently musted, and, to the surprise of all, sundry tender words had fallen from the lips of very many hitherto hard and cruelly philosophic, and a remarkably bashful miss had actually been caught looking bewitchingly at the said innocent young man. Those things were all very well in their same noisy crowd. Such was the company which usually met at Mrs. Jemima Reeves, but this evening, it possessed another characteristic. Literature was the fashion, and it had become fashionable, to the utter destruction of balls, and the manifest terror of concerts; and Mrs. Jemima Reeve, ever desirous of being leading, had introduced a sort of Literary Society, through which their superabundant intellect, like steam, might have vent. Her own literary leading, as the residence of one of the members alternately. They read; they conversed on science and the belles lettres, and occasionally on anatomy, in short, on every thing. They heard lectures from ambitious volunteers, and sometimes ended with a song. Besides, the members, as was natural, were mostly young people, and many of them were fair. Such was the society. They met merely to cultivate the sciences. No one could insinuate any other motive; but, once unconsciously, amid the gayety of the evening

Second Sheets to the Sheets.

The following novel description is by Mr. Frame, the traveller in Khorassan:

It dawned at last, and morning found me with its waste of boundless sand, and its sky of fire, with its water-skins shrivelled and empty, and its very camels, that only breathed the living vapour which descends from the bright luminary with which they had to contend, licking their parched chaps and coughing out the name of "the water of the desert." In vain I looked for the marks by which my experienced guides had sought out the wells in their former journeys. There was not so much cause to fear this; I was now in one of those terrible tracts of dry and moving sand, in which every water is found, and which sometimes, in a single night, is altered by the wind, swallow up whole caravans and their conductors. Alas! the morning light, so earnestly expected, only showed to prove that I was surrounded by dangers I had never dreamed of. The wind, which had blown so piercingly all night, lulled, as is generally the case towards the end of the hazy vapor, loaded with light particles of sand, through which the sun rose as red as blood, gave warning that the worst was not yet, and that every hour I pursued my journey would render how before the desert wind was heard, a cloud of dust began to rise in the distance, and the air became gradually filled with blinding sand.

As the wind increased, the whole plain around me, which had been changed by its fury into small, into ridges, like the waves of a troubled sea, now got in motion; the sand blew from off the increases, like spray from the face of waters, and covered myself and horse with its dense volume; while often unable to distinguish the true course, my horse trailed over the ridges, sinking up to the very girths in their deep shifting substance.

I continued for some hours to persevere, struggling against the fury of the gale, when my camels became unmanageable, and refused to face it, and my horse, which hitherto had stood out with admirable perseverance, even when his progress was the most painfully impeded by the deep sand, became terrified and restive. He snorted, reared, and appeared unable, as well as unwilling, to face the drifting of the still increasing storm. At length, finding that I urged him on with lash and hand; the animal, which had hitherto obeyed my voice almost like an intelligent being, now paid no attention either to command or blows. With a severe squall that drove past at intervals, he fairly turned his back to them and stood with his head down to the ground, as if, like a bird, he could hardly be forced to advance a step.

I succeed to yield my life without a struggle, yet now so aware of preserving it. To abandon my horse, would have been, in fact, to give up hope; for I would not have proceeded a single mile on foot; yet to remain motionless, as I was forced to do by the terror of the animal, involved manifest destruction. Every thing that offered resistance to the torrent of wind which seemed times passed along the earth like a rapid stream of water, was overwhelmed by it in an incredibly short time; even while my horse stood still for a few moments, the drift mounted higher than his knees, and, as if sensible of his danger, he made furious efforts to extricate himself.

Camels contain any only hope by in constant motion, and in the chance of gaining the lee side of some hillock or mass of rock that might afford a shelter till the storm should blow over. I gave up my true course, turned my back to the wind, and made all possible efforts to press forward; and at last, just when the fresh blast of fury was exhausted during a partial squall, I observed something like a rock or mound of earth coming through a dusky atmosphere. On approaching it was discovered that it was the bank of an inconsiderable hollow, which was now nearly filled with sand, and the eastern side of which I could expand to the wind, had by the same means become nearly an inclined plain; beneath this bank I fortunately noticed, I could hope to be in protection, rather than run the risk of a farther progress with the imminent peril of perishing in the drifting sand, where vision could not extend for a space of many yards."

Locomotion.

Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are the least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of nature: she often gives us the lightning, even without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.

No improvement that takes place in either of the seats can possibly be confined to itself; each in an unnatural manner to each; and the respective refinement of the one, will always be in reciprocal proportion to the polish of the other.

Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.

An ambassador from Naples, once said of the young ladies of Paris, that they loved with their heads, and thought with their hearts; and could the same ambassador now see a certain class of young gentlemen in London, he might as truly say of them, that they did neither, with either.

Oratory is the puffing and blustering symbolical of a semi-lunacy ago. The Press is the fire of Heaven, but the friend of Reason: and the art of declamation has been sinking in value, from the moment that speakers were foolish enough to publish, and hearers wise enough to read.

We seek the society of the ladies with a view to pleased rather than to be instructed, and are more gratified by those who will talk, than by those that are silent; for if they talk well, we are doubly delighted to receive information from so pleasant a source, and if they are at times a little out in their conclusions, it is attributable to our vanity in not them right. Therefore, I would have the ladies indulge with perpetual loss of reserve in the freedom of conversation, notwithstanding the remark of him who said with more of point than of politeness, that they were the very reverse of their own mirrors; for the one reflected without talking, but the other talked without reflecting.

It is curious that some learned dunces, because they can write nonsense in languages that are dead, should despise those that can talk sense, in languages that are living; to acquire a few tongues, says a French writer, is the task of a few years, to be eloquent in one, is the labor of a whole life.

Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to find their vanity, and their love to find their pride.

There is this of good in real evils, they deliver us while they last, from the petty despotism of artificial ones imaginary.

Great wits, the pervert their talents to sap the foundations of morality, have to answer for all the evil that lesser wits may accomplish through their means, even to the end of time. A heavy load of responsibility, where the mind is still alive to be misled, when the hand it animated to dust. Man of talent may be said to have a responsibility, at which men of none may enter, as a title, and may be carried by numbers, after a road less beaten, interest for them by custom.

He that knowingly defends the wrong side of a question, pays a very bad compliment to all his hearers; it is to place English Gladiators engaged by my talents, a stronger than truth may possess.

The upright, if he suffer calumny to move him, finds the tongue of envy, more than the gift of God.

Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud, when the danger is at a distance, but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy, she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her brother and staunch comrade Religion, whom on all other occasions she affects to despise.

There are many who despise half of the world, but if there be any that despise the whole of it, it is because the other half despises them.

Sorrow.

Philosophers have decided, that joy or grief can delay or hasten time. Locke is of opinion that a man in great misery may so far lose his reckoning, as to think a minute an hour; or, in joy, make an hour a minute.

Saturday Evening Post.

BOYER AND FOULKROD

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1841.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post is removed to the corner of Dock and Third streets. The attention is for every request required to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-natured countenance of our subscribers at any time.

PAIR OFFERS.

As we intend to keep the first rank in both periodical literature and periodical publication, we offer the following liberal and responsible for 1841. Those who wish to commence the year with us, should let us hear from them soon.

For $3 in ADVANCE free of Postage, we will forward the Saturday Evening Post for TWELVE MONTHS to any one of our TWELVE SUBSCRIBERS, for one year.

For $5 we will forward TWO copies of the Post and ONE copy of Graham's Magazine, a three dollar monthly periodical, filled with the choicest literature, and beautifully embellished with original MEZZOTINTO ENGRAVINGS on steel, and colored FASHIONS ILLUMINED.

For $7 we will forward TWO copies of the Post and TWO copies of the Magazine for $12 cash, current money, we will send THREE copies of the Post and THREE of the Magazine to any part of the United States or Canada.

$10 will procure FIVE COPIES of Graham's Magazine, and one extra copy for the getter up. SEVEN COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post.

Twenty COPIES of the Magazine for $20 in advance, of the Post, $2 in advance, or $3 at the end of the year.

The cash must accompany either to the benefit of those offers. ALL ARREARAGES MUST BE FIRST PAID, and those who remit money to us will please write their names distinctly with the office to which they want it sent.

Letters must always be post paid, and directed to the Editor to frank it, and send it in UNCLE SAM'S mail bag, AT OUR RISK. Try it, you can safely make the trial, for if either is a part of the office, and if we do we suffer the loss, and the works are invaluable for themselves.

Small Notes.

We see that our country exchanges on all sides of politics, Whig, Conservative, or Democratic, are advocating a law to allow the Banks to issue Small Notes. In the present state of our financial affairs, the measure is so manifestly one of policy and of necessity, that we can not how the Legislature can hesitate a moment. The interests of the whole community, farmer, mechanic and merchant, alike call for speedy action upon the subject. The want of small notes peculiarly demands the consideration of the Legislature. The retail business is now completely stagnant for want of a sufficient circulation for small amounts, and upon the poor the evil falls, with the greatest weight. As for market money, those of our country friends who have been peculiarly entered for Philadelphia can attest, that even small notes of adjoining States, are now almost as scarce as specie. The Banks of New Jersey, and the Banks of Delaware, now actually at a premium on market days. Specie, we have none, except the smaller coins, in no great abundance.

The truth is, the brokers are now selling the small notes at adjoining States at a half to one per cent, for certificates of the city banks, or the notes of banks of the interior. How long this state of things is to be continued on, it is hard to say. From the best accounts, to be procured from Harrisburg, the Legislature appears perfectly unanimous on the subject, and nothing, we presume, but the fear of having their notes taken, will induce them to act at all. Indeed, it is asserted, that drafts are now made, for the pay of the members, upon that portion of the revenue derived from the State works, which has been expressly pledged for the interest on loans. Further debts of the State of large amounts are now become due, and as the banks are in no condition to afford assistance, and the Stock of the State is not depreciated—and will cease to be saved *Continental Money*, unless something is done—the prospect is any thing but brilliant.

Shall the Legislature adjourn without—Heaven pledged himself to *sustain the State credit at all hazards*, we dare not—we cannot—for a moment suppose, that he will allow himself to forget that pledge. Pennsylvania, must not be degraded before the world, by the puerilanimity of a set of cowardly legislators.

What then must be done, to relieve the immediate wants of the people? Specie for common use, it appears, is out of the question. The effort has been made, and a meaningless result has demonstrated. There is but one thing left—and that one thing must be done. A bill authorizing the issue of small Notes must be passed. The natural necessities of the people demand it,—and all who are not interested in maintaining the present state of embarrassment, require it.

Hard Hard Sugars.

The cultivation of the beet root, for the purpose of being manufactured into sugar has long engaged the attention of the European agriculturalists, and has even enlisted the efforts of American farmers. Our contiguity to the Islands, the prevalence of the negro in our North-Western States, and the adaptation of a portion of our soil to the cultivation of the sugar cane, has prevented much attention from being bestowed upon the beet root at home, as otherwise might have been given to it. The day is not distant, however, when it will become a staple article, when not only our population in the course of time, shall have swelled beyond a hundred millions of people, we shall have to seek within ourselves for many of the luxuries which we now import.

The cultivation of the beet root was first made general in France, by the wars of her revolution. Shut out from the world, with her colonies torn from her, and her commerce reduced to a paltry coasting trade, she was deprived of half the necessaries of life, and most of the ordinary luxuries. Nothing presses more conclusively how vast are the undeveloped energies of a people than her conduct in this emergency. The Emperor Napoleon her *protectorat*, she sprang up full-armed to the combat. Science made up for her loss of resources. Her manufacturing skill began to be manufactured into powder—the roofs of her churches, and the houses of the dead, furnished lead for her musket balls—and the beet root, which had hitherto neglected, was ransacked to afford materials for the luxuries of life. The loss of tea was made up for—the mention of India had their substitutes, and every resource was called with the application of science to some new every-day want of her people.

Among these substitutes that of the properties of the beet-root may be reckoned as the most beneficial, and if Napoleon, amid his splendid conceptions, had done nothing more than this good of his species than the protection of this new discovery, he would deserve at least some gratitude from mankind. Under the auspices of imperial favor, the manufacture of sugar from this vegetable rose to considerable importance, nor did it cease with the fall of the emperor. It has gone on increasing, not only to the place of its first cultivation, but throughout Europe, so that at the present time, there are no less than one hundred beet-root manufactories in France, and

thousands of two hundred in other parts of the continent. The annual production from these manufactories is estimated at one hundred and fifty millions of pounds. In Prussia and Germany, the manufacture of the article has been rapidly increasing for the last eight years, while in Austria and Italy, although it has been just entered upon, the success has been great. In the *Revue* we think that the late reduction in the duties on sugar, imported from the colonies, will operate unfavorably for it in any great degree, to affect the cultivation of this vegetable. The waste of forests are yet scarcely known, and the manufacture of the beet root sugar does not require the proximity of the consumer, who now mostly pay over the article, shall be enabled to rank it among their daily comforts.

A Crowd of Discoverers.

We are pleased to see the spirit with which publishers and subscribers are taking up the subject of cheapening our newspapers and magazines. We are loved to death ourselves by persons who are abundantly able to subscribe for works, to which they have not time, and in consideration of this spirit, we shall set our face as a flint against it. Many of our subscribers complain of the existence, in the country, of less than one hundred and fifty magazine arrived at the post office before some dirty little urchin appears at the subscriber's door, and with the sickening whine, which some children can assume, when they are conscious of having been instructed to do something mean, opens his paper with

"Please Sir," (or Ma'am,) "Ma says, as she need *Mrs. Fuy*-nell call just now and git her newspaper and magazine, she wants to know if you will let your little boy go over to the post office (and pay the postage) and git 'em out, and lend onto her for a few days.—Ma says she'll send back the papers after she has done, for she is in love, and *the lover of, and the pictures spiled*."

"Yes, my little man, and here's a shilling for your trouble. Tell your mother, that I will subscribe to a half dozen other periodicals for her—if it will be any accommodation—if she will say which she prefers."

Now this practice is an abominable one, and should be stopped. Many subscribers to the Post are actually deprived of their paper by some wealthy neighbor, who thinks a magazine never returns what costs the other money, and is deemed an indispensable luxury for his family. The magazines all over the country are taking up the subject, and seem determined to cry the evil down. The proprietor of the Lady's Book says that one can quite indiscriminately, and in the way by giving letters from post towns from complaining subscribers with duns. We will go farther and give warning, and if any subscriber will furnish us with the name and residence of any of these spongers, we will immortalize them both in the Post, and on the cover of the Magazine. If a newspaper is worth reading, it is worth paying for, and when a paper can be procured for the pitiful sum of *two dollars per annum*, there can be no excuse for non-subscription. There is no family in the union, even the poorest, that does not throw away in follies ten times the sum every year. Our exchange papers are taking up the cudgels with good will. *The Columbian Spy* has the following—

The March number of Graham's Magazine has just been received. This work is already too well known to require any remarks from us, beyond the mere mention. Mr. Graham seems not to relax in the excellence of his publication, for the embellishment which his Magazine has acquired. *We have received several calls for the loan of it.* We are pleased to grant. *Should the value we set on it ourselves, it would be worth a dollar.* Gentlemen *fairly in the enjoyment of are rich and cost much money; we will however take pleasure in showing it to and will visit the inclination of subscribing.*

Asylum for the Insane Poor.

Philanthropy has at length triumphed. The miseries of the insane poor, confined in Pennsylvania, will now be alleviated. The passage of the bill for the establishment of the Asylum for the Insane Poor, has removed the burden that long was the disgrace of our Commonwealth.

The present bill, of which we shall proceed to give a synopsis, differs materially from one presented by Gov. Porter. That, provided that a State Asylum should be erected, to accommodate 600 persons, and that the expenses of the erection followed, both in the erection and subsequent management of it, should be defrayed by the Commonwealth. This could not have been effected without the issue of $250,000, on account of the interest of the former, at the rate of six per cent. This bill, however, the responsibility of supporting the Insane Poor still remains on the Guardians and Overseers of the Poor, who may send them to the State Asylum, and all that the State is required to do is to obtain a loan, say $60,000 in January 1842, $40,000 in January 1843, and $40,000 in January 1844, or to interest of 6 per cent., and even the interest on the loan, say $7200 is to be *refunded* to the State Treasury semi-annually out of the moneys arising from the of the ability to do which there can be no doubt, because of the 20000 insane persons in the Commonwealth by the late census, 1200 are paupers and 300 of those will be sent to the Asylum and will produce an annual income at $2 50 per week of $3,000; no fears need be entertained that the Asylum will not be constantly filled, and in the recent and *credibly curable cases of insanity*. Doubtless many applicants will be refused for want of room, but the proposed capacity of the 1200 and those who will become insane hereafter; should, however, there be room at any time the number of room not of the present population of

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

☞ JOHN H. THOMPSON, Esq. of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of E. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. E. JAMES is our general travelling agent, assisted by G. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ THOMAS SEVERN, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call, will oblige us, by settling their accounts with him.

☞ C. W. JAMES, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Mecker.

☞ B. G. EASTON and I. F. EASTON for Illinois, Missouri Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ E. M. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON for Kentucky.

[illegible]

Financial Record.

[illegible]

Political Intelligence.

[illegible]

General News.

FATAL AFFRAY.—An old man named David A. Porter, was killed on the 9th ult., in Scottsville, Allen county, Ky., by a man named Borden, who had circulated a report injurious to the fame of a female related to the former. Borden was called upon by Mr. Porter and his three sons, but refused to retract his report, when a fight occurred between them. At a subsequent meeting Borden was set upon by the Porters, when he fired a pistol at and killed the father. He received considerable injury from the sons but is expected to recover.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE occurred at Pensacola on the 20th ult., by which Collin's Hotel and a large number of stores and dwellings adjoining were destroyed. A detachment of sailors from the frigate Macedonian landed at sunrise, and under the direction of their officers, saved much valuable property. The whole of Intendentia Street, on both sides from the old Coffee House to Babylon street, says the Gazette, is in ashes. No insurance.

NEW YORK CENSUS.—The number of white persons in the State of New York by the late census, is 2,381,514—number of colored persons 48,962—total population 2,429,476. The number of deaf, dumb, blind and insane persons, is 4,249. It is a rather singular fact, that the number of females, exceeds that of the males between 15 and 20 years of age, at all other ages up to 60, the males are most numerous.

FROM MONTEVIDEO.—Advices to December 21st have been received from Montevideo, which state that the U. S. Frigate Potomac would be floated off with the next tide from the place where she lately stranded. A report was in circulation at the same date that the government of Buenos Ayres had ordered trenches to be immediately dug round that city, to repel an expected invasion.

[illegible]

STEAMBOAT LOST.—The steamer Lamplighter, Capt. Wood, left Apalachicola, Florida, on the 13th ult. for Tampa Bay, but ... only 20 miles out, and was obliged to anchor. Capt. Coe, of the Revenue service ... were passengers, put off ... gale was blowing and ... pulled away for the ... miles distant,—but failing to ... go to the assistance of ... could find no traces of ... that she went to pieces ... number, perished, including ... Capt. Coe.

FINANCES OF NEW YORK.—By the annual report of the Comptroller it appears that the total receipts of revenue by the city of ... to $6,004,610 12, and ... Treasury $5,830,431 04. ... issued $3,860,239—... The taxable property of ... $252,135,515, being more ... taxable property of the State.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—... named Fairclough, was ... Mill, at Paterson, N. J., ... upwards with so much ... both of his legs were ... One of his arms was ... drawn out of the socket ... vived the accident but ...

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—... ed in a pond in Brooklyn ... names were Alfred C... returning from school ... ice and fell through. ... covered in twenty min... forts to restore them ...

TERRIBLE FIRE AND ...

[illegible]

Our Mail Receipts.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.				
March, 1841.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
13 SATURDAY,	6 10	5 50	6 41	
14 SUNDAY,	6 8	5 52	7 36	D. H. M.
15 MONDAY,	6 7	5 53	8 25	
16 TUESDAY,	6 6	5 54	9 16	
17 WEDNESDAY,	6 4	5 56	10 5	Full 7 8 26
18 THURSDAY,	6 3	5 57	10 43	Last 14 9 9
19 FRIDAY,	6 1	5 59	11 36	New 22 9 30
20 SATURDAY,	6 0	6 0	12 22	First 29 9 30

Philadelphia Post Office.

Arrivals and Departure of Mails.

Eastern arrives ab't 3 A.M.	Eastern closes at 4 P. M.
New York at 2 A. M. and 2 P. M.	New York at 3 A. M. and 4 and 6½ P. M.
Southern, 12 A. M.	Southern closes at 10 P. M.
Western, 2½ A. M & 3½ P.M.	Western at 3 A. M. 6½ P. M.

Married,

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, JOHN FLOWER, to MARY ANN GRAHAM both of Chester, Delaware county.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. L. M. Prettyman, G. W. BOSWELL, of this city, to JANE S. FARMER, of Cape May, N. J.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. John Patton, Mr. JAMES C. PINDSON, to Miss MARGARET F. DRONDOF, daughter of the late Charles Drondof, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillett, Mr. LEWIS POST SEAL, to Miss ELIZABETH DOTTON, all of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. C. A. Lippincott, Mr. JOHN STROUSE, to Miss SARAH CARVER, all of Germantown.

On the 4th inst. by Alderman G. Rehn, Mr. JONATHAN SHOEMAKER, of Moreland, Montgomery county, to Miss MARTHA HELLERMAN, of Oxford, Philadelphia county.

On the 6th ult. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Mr. JOHN BAKER, of Moyamensing, to Miss MARY ANN SIMON, of Passyunk Township, Philadelphia county.

On the 4th inst. by Samuel Rush, Esq. Recorder, JOS. M. HANCOCK, to MARY, daughter of the late Michael Eckfeldt, of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Gillett, Mr. CYRUS HOOPS, to Miss ELIZABETH VANDERSLICE, all of this city.

At Bridgeton, N. J. on the 21st of Jan. 1841, by the Rev. J. L. Lenhart, Mr. DAVID P. WHITE, to Miss SARAH GENTRY, both of Bridgeton, N. J.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. R. Gerry, Mr. ROBT. CASWELL, to Miss RACHEL ANN McDANIEL, both of Wilmington, Del.

[illegible]

Died,

[illegible]

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

[illegible]

THE OLIO.

Gathered the spice of life,
That grows in all the forests.

Friends and Heroes.

BY E. J. HOWE.

There's a beautiful river
In Kentucky,
Where the sun-beams forever
In silvery smile;
Where the waters run fast
Through the summer sky,
Green pure hills of
And never die—
And such is the motion, by truth enlightened,
That leaves the impact by Wisdom brightened.
Where down the pure river diverge and converge,
Are heroes in grave that glow forever.

There's a cackling tale
In the Indian's grave,
By whom heathen tale
Is told forever.
There's a mystery where—
To the flower that it nestles,
A sensitive voice—
To the bird that approaches,
A welcoming grace,
And such are the names of bituminous, rising
In the finest leaves, of fact disguising
And the birds of joy, are the flowers of feeling,
What parish winter or that wave is stealing.

THE EPPING SET.—A good story is told of a chap in North Carolina, who went to confess our unhappy in the way of marrying all the girls who would have him, without waiting for any of them to die off on the how dear method. After he had married the thirteenth, some of his first loves came down upon him and had him lodged in jail. But a person so fond of perfect liberty, and who could get into Heaven's name with such ease, found little difficulty in getting out of the jug, and the next news of him he was running at large with a heavy reward offered for his apprehension. He was finally recaptured by a gentleman, who anxious to get the reward, invited him to his house, desired him to sit down, and called his wife to chat with him as an inducement to detain him there, while he made some excuse for leaving a few minutes, and starting for a constable to summon the posse. What was the poor man's astonishment on returning with the constable, to find that the gay Lothario, taking advantage of his short absence, had married his host's wife! This makes the fellow's stock on hand fourteen!

EARLY RISING.—Some people have an idea that early rising is better than late rising. It is a false idea altogether. Early rising puts cedar into the clock to bounce, and elasticity into the step. But what of that? It makes you strong, beautiful, and very much bored, and gives you many long years to live. But for all that, early rising is decidedly vulgar—morally uncultivated—and only suited to the common people who have to earn their meals before they eat them. We like to see people lie in bed till ten o'clock, especially the sooners. We admire a woman who sleeps till ten, and then goes up with a pale face and downcast palate.—IT LOOKS SO GENTEEL!—[Maine Cultivator.

CONGRESSIONAL AMBIDOTE.—The versatile Gen. Alexander Smith, of Virginia—now legislator, now soldier, now commentator on the Apocalypse—in the course of a two days' speech upon nothing in Committee of the whole, was called to order by Mr. Amber Livermore, of New Hampshire, for irrelevancy of matter. "Mr. Chairman," said Smith, "I am not speaking for the present House nor Congress, but to posterity." "The gentleman," rejoined Livermore, "is in a fair way, before he finishes, to leave his audience before him."

AN IMPOLITENT'S WIT.—"Fray, sir," said the commissioner to an impudent fellow who was discharged on his petition, "And pray, sir, how could you willfully, and with your eyes open, contract such a number of debts, without any means of paying them?" "My lord," said the petitioner, "you labor under a great mistake; I never in my life willfully contracted a debt; on the contrary, I have invariably done every thing in my power to *enlarge* them."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—Halle, Tom, is that your tied?" "Yes." "It's a real nice one; let me have a coast, will ye?" "No." The admirer of Tom's sled soon himself upon it, and away he goes from the top of the hill in Bowdoin street into Cambridge street. "Now bring it back." *Bottom!*—I won't"—kicking it on the side walk—"if you want your old sled, come and get it."—*Boston Post.*

A LONE PARTY.—The Harrisburg Gazette tells of a soldier who, shortly after the war, died in prison in Siberia. The last expression he made was, "It is as"—He then from as stiff as marble. To the surprise of 1787, the French physicians found him after having lain frozen 150 years. They gradually thawed him. Upon animation being restored, he concluded his sentence with "exceedingly cold."

WITTY REPLY.—In a certain town in Connecticut there is a school house, on the window sill of which is painted (it having been a grocer's store) "a powder and shot." "What the deuce have powder and shot to do with education?" enquired a person. "A great deal," replied a wag; "it is not for schoolmaster's calling to teach the young idea how to *shoot*!"

GOOD FOR HOSS.—Doctor Johnson once dined with a Scotch lady who had a hotch-potch for dinner.

"Is it good, Doctar?" asked the hostess.

"Yes" said the Doctor sharply, "It is good for hogs, madam."

"Hoots pruy," said the lady, "let me help you to a little more of it."

EXCELLENT.—"Let no man say he is abandoned by his friends in adversity. They throng around to condemn, advise and counsel, with their disapprobation of his course. They tell all that can be, might be, or has been said about him—shake their heads, wabster, deplore with tears—and rejoice, all from the purest motives—*of interest.*

GOOD.—Pa, where is this Zero that the thermometer goes to so often?

O—sy—hem—it is a place thing my child, with quicksilver in it.

O yes, I know pa—you drink your grog out of one every morning, don't you pa?

Fudge, child—put your mind on your—*Richmond Star.*

LABEL.—The following line! is going the rounds —"Never trust a secret with a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell her aunt Hannah, and aunt Hannah will impart it as a *profound secret* to every one of her female acquaintance."

HE HAMMERED FULL.—A man is supposed to be tolerably well occupied when he has a wife on one arm, a baby on the other, carrying a basket and a cane in his hands, a cigar in his mouth, and a hospital note lasting on to some part of the time.

"LATHER FOR.—An editor of one of our exchanges says his landlady purchased some eggs of a grocery, the other day, and what is very remarkable, a small piece of pipe stem was found in one of them.

RACHEARSAL.—"You Bones says, "A woman may learn one useful doctrine from the game of backgammon, which is, not to take up her man till she's sure of landing him."

LOVE AMONG THE SPECIES.—Simply riding with one of the prettiest girls in the neighborhood on a frosty night—out of them your senses, the other your sweetheart.

A MECHANIC'S DEFINITION OF A DEBTOR'S JAIL.—A stone instrument, with additional keys, where a man is sent till he can make a satisfactory overture of his senses.

"REMAIN FOR AN OFFICE."—"Hallo, where are you going?" "I'm running for an office." "What office?" "Squire Dan's—don't stop me—I'm sued."

From the North American.

Poetic Sketch of Spottsylvania.

The eye of the traveller is struck with a remarkable contrast between the cities of Europe and America, in the particulars of their respective ornaments. The first will surprise and astonish by the gothic devices, the architectural embellishments, and the many instances of expense and labor devoted to purposes of popular amusement almost unknown to the other; while the social distinction between their cities and our own. National galleries, sacred to the arts, the sciences, and every species of refined amusement, invite him in succession to scenes of any magnitude; while zoological gardens and public squares abounding in shrubbery, fountains, and pellucid streams, adorn every recreation for an idle hour. France, Italy and England afford the most signal instances of this, while Germany, Spain, Russia, Holland, in fact all Europe, with Russia, and even Turkey, keep up this wide discrepancy between the old and new world. Where else have you enjoyed a drive through Hyde or Regent's Park, who have watched with the gay crowd among the fountains and flowers of the Tuileries, or the Champs Elysees, who have strolled along the Corso, at midnight crowded with the music, the fashion, the fragrance, the botanical beauty and extensive charms of the Villa Borghese, without contrasting the want of sociality to the capitals of the East. And why should this be? It is true, we have not the social and refined habits of intercourse, the familiarization with the oldest and most opulent cities of the world; nor should our tastes or our arts partake so much of the extravagance and prodigality with the fine statuary of Europe. But if they have more wealth, we have more land. We may certainly expect, and soon expect, a more liberal standard at last, with the social feelings, and though some embellishments may be wanting, yet a seat in the shade and a taste of the cool air, is a consideration of deep importance to the comfort and tired citizen, and one which he can never fail to appreciate. The fury of epidemics which have annihilated communities, has been said by all objections to be enhanced and engendered by the closeness with which those cities have been built: and why should be a wretched feature in the policy and philanthropy of modern municipalities to study the health and comforts of their communities. Philadelphia, with all her wealth, and she will are growing with amazing rapidity. Which of us have not known the day when we might have crossed the Schuylkill in a ferry boat, and in very town that are now almost beyond the power of purchase! And who can pretend to calculate the advantages that would have resulted to the interior districts of Philadelphia, if such a policy had been liberally pursued but a generation since? Already distinguished for her literary and scientific pre-eminence, for the magnificence of her public libraries and the respectability and renown of her universities, which assemble crowds of strangers from all parts of the Union—strangers that expend their wealth and enrich her revenue—what might she not have been, if in addition to this, she had held out to the wealthy householder, the elements of luxury and refinement in an open degree?

Our city is already famed for its quiet, its neatness and its comforts, but in the sultry hours of summer its inhabitants sigh for the extensive Mall of Boston, or the sea breeze of the New York Battery. Another century and it may be too late to remedy what will then be confessed a great and serious evil. Our town wants public squares. In the older sections, my friend—for they are attainable. If the liberal spirit and forethought of Penn had not bestowed upon us the slight reservations we now enjoy, in our small squares and lots, how greatly diminished would have been the beauty and comforts of the city! He planned wisely, and with a foresight and philanthropy of mind most do, in matters of public moment; but had he been wrapped up in the selfishness of private interests, Philadelphia might now have been boasted as it once was, a superiority in point of health and beauty over every city in the Union. But what is already done, has been *provided for* by him, and it now becomes the duty of his descendants to attend to the interests of the coming generation. To-morrow—and what is now an open town will be a thickly settled thoroughfare. Let us look forward to the necessity of its people will then depend upon the care and benevolence that is this day given to their welfare.

But the topic widens as we proceed, and we return to our original object in setting forth. It is to arouse the attention of our fellow townsmen of Spring Garden, to the importance of these considerations. Already the most beautiful district of the city, we feel called under the impulse both of public and private interest) a strong desire to improve this nature upon the wards of her consile. There is no aspect in which it can be regenie, but that would be most advantageous claims to consideration, and hold forth inducements of interest and utility of the most forcible character for bearing upon the treasure of the district as palpable and important. And the health, the comfort, and the general advantages resulting in the insertion of the city from such measures, would be at once the reward and evidence of their useful tendency. Verbum sat sapientibus.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I Love the Starry Night.

BY HELEN MAR.

I love, I love the starry night,
When every star is seen to bright,
Flooding the earth with silvery light,
In beauty sweet!
The time I love to spend away,
Across the glassy sparkling bay,
In my light skiff, with heart so gay
My love to meet.

The starry night! the starry night!
When the stars seem to be all alight,
Oh, 'tis a watching, charming night!
Most beautiful grand!
I love to rove abroad, and view
The vasty heavens, deeply blue,
And all bespangled unto me.

Made by Bill hard.

Oh! some may love the rosy day,
When the great sun, with golden ray
Upon the laughing earth does play
In splendor bright!
But give, oh give, that time to me,
When nature slumbers quietly,
And all is hushed and silent free—
The starry night!

Philadelphia, March, 1845.

Spring.

We cannot lift up our eyes, in this delightful season, without being tempted to ask, on what principle can we account for the beauty of Spring? Winter has departed, and the cold is not to be resisted; and the great forms of nature are solemnly the same, through all the revolutions of the year. We shall seek in vain, therefore, for the causes of certain organic matter, for the source of that "vernal delight," which subject all finer minds to an annual intoxication, and excite in the sense of beauty ever to locate their seats proof against it under all other respects. And it is not enough to say that the change of the colors of the leaves and the renovation of life and joy to all animated beings, that constitutes the great jubilee of nature; the young of animals have been born in winter, and other sources of joy and pleasures which are diffused by the mere lenipenetrative of the air: and the profusion of roseate—the delicate—the fragrant—the—the description of rustic tools—the great alleviation of all the miseries of poverty and sickness—our eyes are not dazzled by the sight of the flowers, the beauty of the vegetable creation—the odorous, yet cheering impression of the constancy of nature, that gives perpetual freshness to the scene, and the hopes that dart spontaneously forward into the new circle of exertions and enjoyments that is opened up by her hand and her example. Such are some of the conceptions that are forced upon us by the appearance of returning Spring, and that seem to intensify by the emotions of delight with which those appearances are hailed, by every mind endowed with any degree of sensibility, somewhat better than the brightness of nature, or the agreeableness of the smells, that are then presented to our senses.

A Brief Sketch of Superstitions.

Their influence, their power, their immortality! how much they have been feared, with the dread and cold long winters, "the glory of all lands." The thousand tombs and villages that mark their existence, not the show but the mourning the hill-tops, the pending valleys, the valleys the manner of adoration accessible to every family, the many different modes of worship—the order and death, the many activity and energy, the unparalleled equality in the distribution of property, the general happiness resulting from the diffusion of wealth, and the many unique institutions the safety in which more than half the population sleep nightly with unbolted doors—the calm, holy Sabbaths, when, every matter in a wide general land becomes vocal with praise, when the whisper of the breeze seems more distinct, the distant waters of hills, which are the sacred, the rural of the more Europe, with Russia, and even Turkey, keep up this wide discrepancy between the old and new world. Where else have you enjoyed a drive through Hyde or Regent's Park, who have watched with the gay crowd among the fountains and flowers of the Tuileries, or the Champs Elysees, who have strolled along the Corso, at midnight crowded with the fine statuary of Europe. But if they have more wealth, we have more land. We may certainly expect, and soon expect, a more liberal standard at last, with the social feelings, and though some embellishments may be wanting, yet a seat in the shade and a taste of the cool air, is a consideration of deep importance to the comfort and tired citizen, and one which he can never fail to appreciate. The fury of epidemics which have annihilated communities, has been said by all objections to be enhanced and engendered by the closeness with which those cities have been built: and why should be a wretched feature in the policy and philanthropy of modern municipalities to study the health and comforts of their communities.

Yet I felt this terror was groundless: for still the air Was sweet with many a rural scent of hay and clover fair, And hum of many insects sounded through the drowsy air, And many a warbling bird sang out his heart in woodland rare.

Nor meant injury intended, no sentence of prayer, But I felt that terror was real enough when it came, And hunt my young head in devotion and fears, Went like form of evil spirit through the grass and shiver.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings! How bewildering its circle! how radiant its rings! If I looked up to the sky—I saw it in the sun, and if I looked on the ocean the rainbow was there: Then forming, dividing, and changing in the air Are the thoughts of the rainbow that circle my soul—Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurl'd.

It was from the cloud and storm—it spread like world.

There are sensations, I think, when the spirit receives Which volumes of thought on its memories leaves, When the heart in a moment is overwhelmed, Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose; And then, when the rainbow has passed away—for ever, The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by; It left my full cup like the wing of a dove, All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain Is not equal in duration to that which went before; I know that my form, like that bow from the wave, Must pass from the earth and be cold in the grave; Yet, Oh! when death's shadows my bosom enclose, When I vanish from the thoughts of the earths and shrines, May that be the moment my spirit receives—world In its heavenliest pinions of purple and gold.

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(Continued from our last.)

"I little thought the first time I saw him, sir," says Kit, pleased with the attorney's strong interest in his favorite, "that I should come to be so friendly with him as I am now."

"Ah!" repairs Mr. Brass, brim-full of moral precepts and love of virtue, "A charming subject for reflection for you, very charming. A subject of proper pride and congratulation, Christopher. Honesty is the best policy. I always find it so myself. I have forty-seven clients on my list at present this morning. But it's all gain, sir, gain!"

Mr. Brass shly tickles his nose with his pen, and looks at Kit with the water standing in his eyes. Kit thinks that if ever there was a good man who belied his appearance, that man is Sampson Brass.

A man," says Sampson, "who loses forty-seven pound ten in one morning by his honesty, is a man to be cursed. If it had been eighty pound, the honourable feeling would have been increased. Every pound lost, would have been a hundred weight of happiness gained.—The cold, small voice, Christopher," Brass resuming, and tapping himself on the bosom, "is a singing comic songs within me now, and all is happiness and joy!"

Kit is so angered by the conversation, and finds it go so completely home to his feelings, that he is considering what he shall say, when Mr. Garland opens. Kit is a gentleman he helped into the clouds with great obsequiousness by Mr. Sampson Brass; and the puny, after shaking his head several times, and bending for three or four minutes with all his four legs planted firmly on the ground, as if he had made up his mind never to stir from that spot as he believe. Kit runs, he will not be followed into the street by the gentleman was not, to say the truth, renowned for being great respecters on such occasions, but rather for protracting and spinning out the time to the very utmost limit of possibility. Mr. Garland, upon set of sight, blandly immediately sits down. Mr. Brass would then set the office-door wide open, lean his old tune with great gaiety of manner to any passer-by that he believe. Kit runs, during down stairs would be called in; entertained with some moral and agreeable conversation; and perhaps extended to read the news for an instant while Mr. Brass stepped over the way; and afterwards presented with one or two half-crowns to spend in the streets. Mr. Garland, therefore, that Kit, nothing doubting but that they came from the single gentleman, who had already rewarded his mother with great liberality, could not but entertain his gentlemanly feelings, and easy cheap presents for her, and for little Jacob, and for the baby, and for Barbara to boot, that Kit and all other of them was having some new trifle every day of their lives.

While those acts and deeds were in progress between Mr. Garland and Mr. Brass, therefore, Sweiller, being often left alone therein, began to find the time long heavy on his hands. For the first time being deserted by Kit, he looked round, and in pursuit his faculties from rusting, he proceeded himself with a cribbage-board and pack of cards, and accustomed himself to play at cribbage with dummy, for twenty, thirty, or sometimes even fifty thousand points a side, besides many hazardous bets to a considerable amount.

At these games were very already conducted, notwithstanding the magnitude of the interests involved, Mr. Sweiller began to think that on these evenings when Mr. and Miss Brass were out (and they often went out now) he heard a kind of snorting or hard-breathing sound in the direction of the door, which it occurred to him, after some reflection, must proceed from the small servant, who always had a cold from a damp living. Looking instead of that very one night he plainly discerned a pair of eyes glistening at the keyhole; and having now no doubt that his suspicions were correct, he stole softly to the door, and suddenly opened upon her, before she was aware of his approach.

"Oh! I didn't mean any harm indeed. Upon my word I didn't mean any harm indeed," cries the girl, sobbing like a much longer one. "It's so very dull, down-stairs. Please don't you tell upon me; please don't."

"Tell upon you?" said Dick. "Do you mean to say you were looking through the keyhole for company?"

"Yes, upon my word I was," replied the small servant.

"How long have you been cooking your eye there?" said Dick.

"Oh ever since you first began to play them cards, and long before."

Upon questioning of several fantastic reticiens with which he had refreshed himself after the fatigues of business, and to all of which, no doubt, the small servant was a party, rather disconcerted Mr. Sweiller; but he was not very sensitive on such points, and recovered himself speedily.

"Well,—come in,"—he said, after a little consideration. "Here—sit down, and I'll teach you how to play."

"Oh! I daren't do it," rejoined the small servant, "Miss Sally 'ud kill me, if she know'd I came up here."

"Have you got a fire down stairs?" said Dick.

"A very little one," replied the small servant.

"Miss Sally couldn't kill me if she know'd I sent down directly, you to fetch it," said Dick, putting the cards into his pocket. "Why how thin you are! What do you mean by it?"

"It an't my fault."

"Could you eat any bread and meat?" said Dick, taking down his hat. "Yes? Ah! I thought so. Did you ever taste beer?"

"I had a sip at it once," said the small servant.

"Here's a state of things" cried Mr. Sweiller, looking round. "Is this cooking. "Shi never tasted it—it can't be tasted in a sip! Why, how old are you?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Sweiller opened his eyes very wide, and appeared thoughtful for a moment; then bidding the child keep the door until he came back, ran, sated straightway.

Presently he returned, followed by the boy from the public-house, who put on the board a plate of bread and beef, and in the other a great pot, filled with some very fragrant compound, which sent forth a grateful steam, and was in fact chosen pail, made after a particular recipe which Mr. Sweiller had imparted to the landlord at a period when he was deep in his books and desirous to conciliate his friendship. Relieving the boy of his burden at the door, and charging his little companion to fasten it to prevent surprise, Mr. Sweiller followed her into the kitchen.

"There," said Richard, putting the plate before her. "First of all, clear that off, and then you'll see what's next."

The small servant nodded no second bidding, and the plate was soon empty.

"Next," said Dick, handing the pot, "take a pull at this, but moderate your transports, you know, for you're not used to it. Well, is it good?"

"Oh! isn't it!" said the small servant. Mr. Sweiller appeared gratified beyond all expression by this reply, and took a long draught himself, and finally regarding Sampson Brass with a look of ire.

These preliminaries disposed of, he applied himself to teaching her the game, which she soon learnt tolerably well, being both sharp-witted and cunning.

"Now," said Mr. Sweiller, putting two sixpence into a saucer, and throwing the cards after them, "when the cards had been cut and dealt, those are the stakes. If you win, you get 'em all. If I win, I get 'em. Do you make it some more sixpences? I shall call you the Marchioness, do you hear?"

The small servant nodded.

"Then, Marchioness," said Mr. Sweiller, "Fire away."

The Marchioness, holding her cards very tight in both hands, considered for a long time, and Mr. Sweiller answering the coy and fashionable air which such society required, took another pull at the tankard, and awaited her hour.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-EIGHTH.

Mr. Sweiller and his partner played several rubbers with varying success, until the loss of three sixpences, the gradual sinking of the pot, and the striking of ten o'clock, combined to render that gentleman mindful of the flight of Time, and capable of withdrawing before Mr. Sampson and Miss Sally Brass returned.

"With which object in view, Marchioness," said Mr. Sweiller, gravely, "I shall ask your lordship's permission to put the board in my pocket, and to retire from the presence when I have finished this tankard; merely observing, Marchioness, that since life is a river it behoves us, I care not how fast it rolls on, ma'am, or, while such pool on the bank still is growing, and such pool on the bank still is growing, and such eyes to the source as they may, to improve your health. You will excuse my wearing my hat, but the palace is damp, and the marble floor is very cold to the feet, and rheumatic pains are a precaution against this latter inconvenience, Mr. Sweiller had been sitting for some time with his feet on the hob, in which attitude he could more strongly impress the above observations, and slowly sipped the last choice drops of nectar.

"The Baron Sampsono Brasso and his fair sister are (you tell me) at the play?" said Mr. Sweiller, leaning his left arm lazily upon the table, and beating his right leg with his right leg after the manner of a theatrical bandit.

The Marchioness nodded.

"Ha!" said Mr. Sweiller, with a portentous frown. "'Tis well. Marchioness!—but no matter. Some wine there. Ho!" He illustrated these words dramatic marvels by handing the tankard to himself with great humility, receiving it haughtily, drinking from it thirstily, and smacking his lips heavily.

The small servant, who was not so well acquainted with theatrical conventionalities as Mr. Sweiller (having, indeed, never seen a play, or heard one spoken of, except by chance through chinks of doors and in other forbidden places), was rather alarmed by demonstrations so novel to their nature, and looked for succour—so plainly in her looks, that Mr. Sweiller felt it necessary to discharge his feigned manner for one more suitable to private life, or he ended.

"Do they often go where grey waits 'em, and leave you here?"

"Oh, yes, I believe you they do," returned the small servant. "Miss Sally's such a one-er for that, she is."

"Such a what?" said Dick.

"Such a one-er," returned the Marchioness.

After a moment's reflection, Mr. Sweiller determined to forego his responsible duty of setting Miss Sally right as to her talk on the spot, and evident that her tongue was loosened by the pool, and her opportunities for conversation were not likely to occur, to render a momentary check of little consequence.

"They sometimes go to see Mr. Quilp," said the small servant, "and then I do." they go to a many places, bless you."

"Is Mr. Brass a woman?" said Dick.

"Oh, no!" said the small servant, "he an't," replied the small servant, shaking her head. "Bless you, he'd never do anything without her."

"Oh! He wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said Dick.

"Miss Sally keeps him in such good order," said the small servant; "he always asks her advice, he does; and he catches it sometimes. Bless you, you wouldn't believe how much he catches at."

"I suppose" said Dick, "that they consult together, a good deal, and talk about a great many people—about me, for instance, sometimes, eh?"

The Marchioness nodded amazingly.

"Complimentary?" said Mr. Sweiller.

The Marchioness changed the motion of her head, which had not yet left off nodding, and suddenly began to shake it from side to side with a violence which threatened to dislocate her neck.

"Hemph!" said Dick contented; and having satisfied of the safety of this, his only morsel in Bevis Marks, made answer in the negative.

"Miss Sally says you're a funny chap," replied his friend.

"Ha! Marchioness," said Mr. Sweiller, "that's not uncomplimentary. Merriment, Marchioness, is not a bad or degrading quality. Old King Cole was a merry old soul, if we may put faith in the pages of history."

"But she says," pursued his companion, "that you an't to be trusted."

"Ha!" said Mr. Sweiller, "said Mr. Sweiller, thoughtfully; "several ladies and gentlemen —not exactly professional persons, but tradesmen—have said the same thing, upon the same remark. The obscure citizen who keeps the hotel over the way, inclined strongly to that opinion when he asked permission to prepare the banquet. He's a popular prejudice, Marchioness; and yet I am sure I don't know why, for I have been trusted in my time to a considerable amount, and I can safely say that I never forsook my trust until it deserted me—never. Mr. Brass is of the same opinion, I suppose?"

The small servant, with a cunning look which seemed to hint that Mr. Brass held stronger opinions on the subject than his sister; and seemingly unwilling to have a matter of such grave import left to her own discretion, and to be disturbing the oddity of their acquaintance, that he thought, and thought truly, that rather than disappoint his friends above, he would have the Marchioness proved innocent.

While he was plunged in very profound and serious meditation, and the Marchioness, leaning and shaking her head with an air of great mystery and doubt, when the voice of her brother Sampson, carolling a cheerful strain, was heard in the passage, and the gentleman himself, bursting with virtuous smiles, appeared.

Mr. Richard, sir, good morning. Here we are again, sir, entirely upon another day, with our bodies strengthened by slumber and breakfast, and our spirits fresh and flowing. Here, sir, Mr. Richard, my wing with the son to run our little course—our course of duty, sir—and, like him, get through our day's work with credit to ourselves and advantage to our fellow-creatures. A charming reflection, sir, very charming !"

While he addressed his clerk in these words, Mr. Brass was more than ordinarily occupied in minutely examining and bolding up again the light a five-pound bank-note, which he had brought in, on his hand.

Agriculture.

FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER.
The Fruit Garden.

ON SITUATIONS AND SOILS FOR ORCHARDS.

Before proceeding to plant an orchard, it becomes necessary to think well of its situation and soil, and what prospect there is of ultimate success.

With respect to private orchards, it is often necessary, and always proper, provided there be scope, and the soil be answerable, to connect them with the kitchen-garden. In that case, if the ground be not naturally sheltered, care must be taken to do so, in as effectual a manner as possible, by plantations of forest trees or large shrubs, placed so as to screen the fruit-trees from heavy, and from prevailing winds. The orchard may be placed on any side of the kitchen-garden that is suitable to the rest of the ground, and according to convenience; or it may lie all round the garden, either simply as an orchard, or as an orchard-garden, with walks and borders.

The latter method is a very good way of obtaining fruit, without loosening the pleasure-garden, in cases where ground is scarce and valuable, or where economy is an object. Indeed, by growing fruit-trees among shrubbery, the value and beauty of the garden is greatly often increased in the spring, the blossoms of fruit-trees charm us; and in autumn, the fruit delight us. I have planted several orchards in this way, which have given general satisfaction.

In blank situations, and yet where it is wished to rear an orchard; and in cases where ground cannot be obtained, on which to plant distant screen plantations; it is an excellent method to intermix hardy shrubs and forest-trees among the fruit-trees, which act as nurses to them, and defend them from the bad effects of the weather. But in this case care must be taken to remove the shrubs in proper time, especially from the interior of the orchard; reserving, however, a screen of hardy trees or shrubs all round the margins, or on the side most exposed.

In less blank situations, it may be proper to plant an outer row, or double row, of hardy trees, shrubs, or fruits, (as hazel, walnut, chestnut, &c.) and to plant the choicest sorts of fruits in the inner or whole orchard with shrubs; but when the fruit-trees are to be planted at double thickness, as directed at 1 foot apart from world act as outer screen, and be very useful. Indeed, few situations occur, where it is not necessary to be at less or more pains in rearing a screen for the orchard, which never can be too well sheltered; if it be not sheltered from the sea.

With respect to the situations of public orchards, more latitude is to be taken. They are often spread over large districts of country, and are sometimes to be found in solitary situations; and are not always even accessed of the superior quality of the soil, or the excellence of exposure. Three orchard tracts, no doubt, have arisen out of small beginnings, and in many instances have spread themselves out of hamlet gardens, where fruit-trees have been planted by the cottagers, and have, by their care and attention, thrown in a singular manner. In other cases, an orchard has been planted by a proprietor, or perhaps by a tenant, in a chance corner of good soil, which, by having prospered in a superlative degree, has enticed others in its vicinity to plant; and hence have orchards been spread over large districts of country, in a very scattered, and of various soils.

Many of the Clydesdal orchards, (which are very productive,) are admirably situated in this manner:—either on sloping banks, exposed to the south, east, or west sun, which are naturally sheltered by the windings of the river bank, or artificially, by plantations; or on the side of a gentle ground, lying between the banks and the river, where they are completely sheltered, and where the soil is rendered rich by continual new sowing of imitations; and many rivers in the country, in latter situations, afford opportunities equally good, to those who may have it in contemplation to plant.

Most fruit-trees, will thrive in loamy earth, of a middling texture, provided it be on a wholesome subsoil, and be of a competent depth. Large tracts of such soil are to be found, and often, also, in good situations. But we frequently meet with such an excellent situation for an orchard where the soil is various; where some in good, and some very indifferent. In such a case, it becomes necessary to improve the bad soil in the act of planting, to suit the kinds of fruits to the nature of the different soils contained in the intended orchard.

It would be in vain to plant where the bottom is not naturally dry, or is capable of being rendered so by draining. Therefore the wet or spouty spots should be carefully drained in the first place, and pains should be taken to prepare a proper bottom for the roots, otherwise little good may ultimately be expected of the trees planted.

Care should also be taken to form a soil of a competent depth for the respective kinds to be planted; by trenching, if the soil be naturally deep enough, and by the addition of fit materials; or by the addition of other soils, if it be too shallow, and also of fit manures.

DARNALL'S LOGANIC PILLS.
Prepared from the Extract of Spigelia Marilandica, Sanguinaria Canadensis, Leptandra Virginica, Podophyllum Peltatum, Iris Versicolor, Hydrastis Canadensis, Collinsonia Canadensis, Gillenia Trifoliata, and Aletris Farinosa.
The Roots of the Gentle Vegetables, throughout Europe and America, have been celebrated for their medicinal properties, and have been used in the practice of Medicine by the most eminent Physicians of the Old World, and by the Indians of the New. Combining the Extracts of these Roots with Loganic Pills, the Proprietor has been enabled to produce a medicine which has been found to be a safe and effectual remedy for the following diseases, viz: Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Gout, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Tetter, Scald Head, Pimples on the Face, Blotches on the Skin, Boils, Ulcers, Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Typhus Fever, Yellow Fever, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Small Pox, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Piles, Female Complaints, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Colds, Coughs, Influenza, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Inflammation of the Lungs, Worms, Jaundice, Fits, Epilepsy, Palpitation of the Heart, Tic Doloureux, Hysterics, Female Weakness, Nervous Debility, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Memory, Paralysis, Dizziness, Deafness, Blindness, Inflammation of the Eyes, Sore Eyes, Weak Eyes, Sore Ears, Sore Mouth, Sore Throat, Sore Breasts, Sore Nipples, Sore Legs, Sore Feet, Sore Hands, Sore Arms, Sore Back, Sore Head, Sore Stomach, Sore Bowels, Sore Lungs, Sore Liver, Sore Kidneys, Sore Bladder, Sore Womb, Sore Vagina, Sore Penis, Sore Testicles, Sore Anus, Sore Rectum, Sore Throat, Sore Breasts, Sore Nipples, Sore Legs, Sore Feet, Sore Hands, Sore Arms, Sore Back, Sore Head, Sore Stomach, Sore Bowels, Sore Lungs, Sore Liver, Sore Kidneys, Sore Bladder, Sore Womb, Sore Vagina, Sore Penis, Sore Testicles, Sore Anus, Sore Rectum.
DARNALL'S LOGANIC PILLS are the best remedy for all diseases of the digestive organs, and for all diseases of the blood, and for all diseases of the skin, and for all diseases of the nervous system, and for all diseases of the muscular system, and for all diseases of the bones, and for all diseases of the joints, and for all diseases of the ligaments, and for all diseases of the tendons, and for all diseases of the cartilages, and for all diseases of the membranes, and for all diseases of the mucous membranes, and for all diseases of the serous membranes, and for all diseases of the synovial membranes, and for all diseases of the fibrous membranes, and for all diseases of the cellular membranes, and for all diseases of the adipose membranes, and for all diseases of the areolar membranes, and for all diseases of the vascular membranes, and for all diseases of the lymphatic membranes, and for all diseases of the nervous membranes, and for all diseases of the muscular membranes, and for all diseases of the osseous membranes, and for all diseases of the cartilaginous